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tians will use it only in this way ; and thus, if you make men Christians, you will at length put an end to this great evil ! ”

In these examples, every one sees the fallacy of the argument. True, it is the gospel in each case that does the work, but only the gospel rightly understood and applied,—so applied as to bring the practice under the ban of its principles. So it must be in the case of war. The gospel alone can do away this custom ; but how can it ? Only by such an application to the case as shall bring the custom under the condemnation of its principles, and the ban of public opinion through the Christian world. But before this can be done, what a vast amount of effort must be made ! more by far than has ever been put forth in any reform yet achieved in Christendom.

MELANCTHON.

SOME OF THE SCENES AT SEBASTOPOL. Descending from the Malakhoff, says the *Times* correspondent, we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea ; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners of every house, to die like poisoned rats ; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful that they cohere. The soft white stones of which they and the walls are made are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded.

A Hospital Scene. Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive any thing at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill ! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed ! In a long, low room, supported by square

pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved with ordinary care. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds.

Scene Around a Captured Battery. The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the word "Barwise, London," thereon—cookhouses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognize it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun-carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

I crossed the line, says the *Daily News* correspondent, and proceeded down to the scene of the preceding day's carnage. By the time we reached the fatal opening in front of the fifth parallel, however, the dead had been gathered off the ground—the officers having been taken to the camp, and the men thrown into the deep and broad ditch of the Redan. And there was a sight harrowing enough to effect nerves of iron and a heart of stone; piled up, row upon row, lay the bodies of the brave fellows whose blood had gained our triumph, nearly filling the huge dike—a ghastly and mangled multitude. As I passed over this bridge of corpses into the interior of the Redan, a fatigue party was already beginning to shovel in the parapet upon the bodies, many of whom thus found a grave on the spot where they fell. The enemy had carried off nearly all their dead and wounded, which accounted for the fewness of the former found inside the redoubt.

Terrible were the traces of our fire which here met the eye: to say nothing of dismounted guns, shattered platforms, and broken carriages, nearly every square yard of the place was torn up by round shot and exploded shell. How any human beings could have existed in such a pandemonium of explosive horrors it puzzled every one who looked on the spot to conceive. The place had formerly been a vineyard, and was consequently honeycombed originally; but these small hollows had been knocked into every possible shape, and scarcely a foot of space left which had not been ploughed up by the fire of our own and the French guns.

Glimpses of Sebastopol. I passed on, says the same writer, to the portion of the town at the base of the slope; and here, for the first time, I got a glimpse of the utterly unknown extent of the injury which had been done to the town itself by our fire. As viewed even with the aid of a good glass from our most advanced parallel, not a tithe of the mischief was visible, except amongst the houses opposite the French left attack. But even here, in a portion of the place, which everybody supposed to be comparatively uninjured, nothing but ruins meet the eye. Shot and shells have smashed in roofs, penetrated and knocked down walls, and, in fact, left nearly every building one come to, crumbling and shapeless masses of battered masonry.

Nearly every house, says the correspondent of the *Post*, must have had some architectural pretensions; the rows of pillars and columns are incessing, and from the visible remains I should say it ought to have been one of the prettiest places in the world. The cleanliness was astonishing, even where barricades had been erected. The fronts of some houses appeared so perfect that, with the aid of a strong imagination, you could almost fancy you were riding in a nice town, where nothing had happened, and in other parts you were only visiting the scene of a disastrous fire, and presently expected to get beyond the pale of its rage; but alas! wherever you went, all, all was alike—never was destruction and desolation more complete: never had men worked more successfully to destroy their own work.

Soldiers Pilfering after Battle. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, and nothing but French, were to be met with, the majority of them drunk, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, church ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bed clothes, cooking utensils—every domestic moveable, in fact, that ever figured in a catalogue at the City Auction Mart, was being carried or dragged along by our light-fingured Allies, whilst only at long intervals was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right even to these.

Although ruin, says the same writer of another section, had swept like a storm over this quarter, too, the consummating touch of French fingers had been wanting to perfect the desolation, and it had not been withheld; benches, doors, windows, and every internal article of furniture worth carriage to their camp, had been borne away, and what would not have repaid this trouble was all smashed to pieces. Little enclosures of flowers and ornamental trees fronted many of the houses; but even these had not escaped the gratuitous wrecking which had been every where perpetrated; upturn rose bushes, roots of dead tulips, camellias, daisies, and the like, met the eye and foot at every point along the street on which this little floral nook had abutted, as if sheer love of ruin had been as strong an impelling motive with the destroyers as their unsparing itch for plunder itself.

HOW THE ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT ORIGINATED.

England spent 36 millions of pounds in the Revolutionary war. when William of Orange ascended the throne—29 millions thereof had been borrowed.

62 millions were spent in the Spanish war from the 23d of Oct. 1739, to the 30th of April 1748—28 millions borrowed.

112 millions in the war of seven years—60 millions borrowed.

136 millions in the American Revolutionary war from 1774, to the peace made in Paris, the 30th Nov. 1782—120 millions borrowed.

464 millions in the French Revolutionary war from the 1st. of Feb. 1793, to the peace of Amiens, 1802—200 millions borrowed.

1156 millions in a war with Bonaparte from April 1803 to the 18th June, 1814—388 millions borrowed, and 771 millions raised by taxes.